THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. IV. JULY, 1908. No. 7

WHEN FOUND—

AT this season of the year many of our friends from America and Canada visit our shores and devote a part of their holiday to pilgrimages in Dickens-land in London and the country. Last year it was our pleasure to act as cicerone to more than one enjoyable party, and we hope that a similar pleasure will be afforded us this season. Already we have welcomed several, and our party at Broadstairs on June 20th numbered amongst it, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, of the Toronto Branch; Mr. Charles Sessler, of the Philadelphia Branch, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund D. Brookes, of Minneapolis. We look forward to these visits, and we trust that friends from across the seas will notify us of their arrival.

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We had hoped to make our present issue a special American number, but have been compelled to postpone it until our August issue, when we shall publish some interesting articles by well-known Americans on various phases of Dickens in relation to America. It will be illustrated with interesting pictures.

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The Fellowship across the seas grows in interest and numbers yearly. The Branches in Philadelphia, Chester, Hamilton, Manhattan, Winnipeg and Toronto have had a series of interesting meetings throughout the year, and are well established. Toronto now is the premier branch of the Fellowship throughout the world. The Ottawa Branch, whose formation has been recently noted in our pages, has well over 150 members at the present time. We wish it continued success.

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Mr. Harry Furniss said in one of his lectures that in order to be able to read our newspapers with intelligence now-a-days, an exhaustive knowledge of Dickens's writings is essential. As Mr. Weller would say, "There's something in that;" at any rate it is rarely that one picks up a newspaper without finding some reference to Dickens. It is remarkable, too, how one finds him justified in every little incident in life. It is said that he exaggerated, and the incident in the trial scene when Mr. Weller, Senr., called out, "Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right, too," is quoted sometimes in support of the statement. Yet we read in a police report recently, that in the Willesden Court, Edmund Pearley was charged with being drunk and disorderly. He was put into the dock, and asked, "Are you guilty?" "Not guilty," he replied; whereupon a voice in court called out, "Quite right, my boy, quite right." On the more famous

occasion the usher was requested to "bring that person here instantly," but as the usher could not find the person, the usher could not bring him. The modern Mr. Weller, however, was quickly found, and ejected from the Court.

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We have received a copy of the report of the Library Committee of the Corporation of London recording the acceptance of the National Dickens Library (Kitton's Collection) from the Dickens Fellowship, on February 7th. It is, for the most part, a formal record of the proceedings on that day, but the report is evidence that the collection is highly valued by the Committee. "The collection," says the report, "consists of 451 Vols., by or relating to Charles Dickens, and includes many first editions of the novels, four volumes illustrating the author's life, eighteen volumes of magazine articles, three volumes dealing with the scenes and characters of the novels, 250 portraits, two volumes of illustrations, a number of original sketches . . . autograph letters, &c."

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We warmly echo the Committee's hope that "now the collection is under the ægis of the Corporation, and so centrally and appropriately housed, it will attract the gifts of those who would desire it to be a worthy monument to the great genius of Dickens." We are glad to note that it is the expressed intention of the Committee to place the collection—which the Committee consider is, in many respects, the most important gift ever made to the Library—in one of the alcoves of the main building.

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The appeal made in our last issue for subscriptions to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, has brought some response. We deal with the matter again on another page, and give a list of the amounts received. Just as we go to press we have received from Mrs. Annie M. L. Clark, of Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A., two books entitled respectively "The Alcotts in Harvard" and "Poems," both written by Mrs. Clark. These are inscribed by the author, and are offered for sale in aid of the Hospital. They are both printed on hand-made paper and tastefully produced. The former book deals, of course, with the family of Louisa M. Alcott, the author of "Little Women"—which has its Pickwickian interest—and is charmingly written and illustrated. The volume of poems is full of the right sentiment and poetic feeling. Who will be the highest bidder for them?

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The examination paper set in the May issue on *Hard Times* has found many competitors, including several from abroad. We hope to give the result of the competition in our August issue.

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The photograph from which our frontispiece is reproduced was taken by Mr. S. H. Smith, Nelson Studio, Broadstairs, in the garden of Bleak House. Copies can be obtained unmounted for one shilling and threepence, or mounted one shilling and ninepence, post free.

THE EDITOR.

BOZ AND MUSIC

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

A CERTAIN proof of a great writer's popularity is the magical power he exerts over his admirers, which compels them, as it were, to furnish profuse and elaborate illustrations of his meaning and designs. They use all the various devices of expression to this end—commentaries, panegyric, lectures, prose and verse, paintings, engravings, etchings, and even music. Applying this test to the three great novelists of the last century—Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens—what do we find? In Scott's case there are not more than

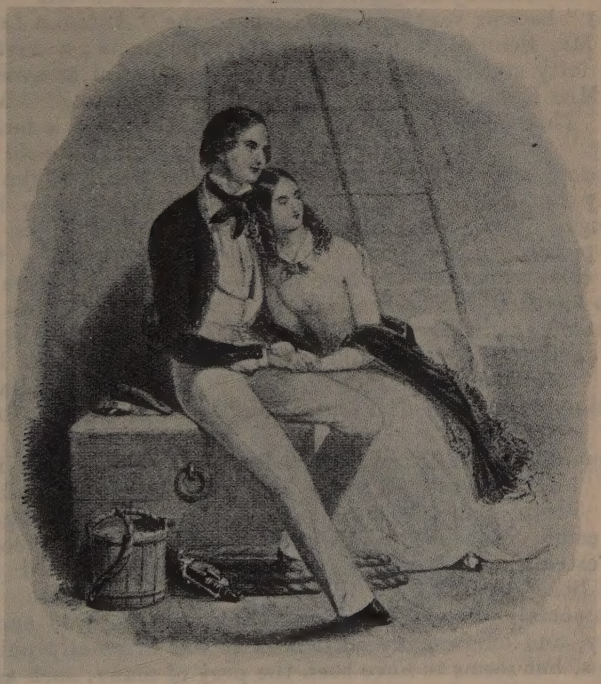


ILLUSTRATION ON COVER OF SONG "WALTER AND FLORENCE"
Written by Joanna Chandler. The music by Stephen Glover

half a dozen illustrated editions—but these were issued by Scott himself or his publishers. There were, indeed, a few volumes in the Annual form, of heroines, or of landscapes described in the volumes, and there is, of course, the ambitious Abbotsford edition, which contains some of the best, as well as the worst illustrations of the day. Thackeray offers a complete blank; there is scarcely anything beyond the original illustrations. But the amazing fertility of Boz in inspiring illustrations of all kinds has been often described. It is really a phenomenon. No enumerator can keep pace with it.

We count by thousands. This topic has been often dealt with, so it may be passed by here. But there is one form of illustration for which Boz is unique, namely, the musical.

Some time ago I secured a wonderful collection of these tributes, some seventy or eighty in number, consisting of songs and dances, all inspired by the great writer. It is clear that the sympathetic musician exalted by what he had read must express his feelings in his own tongue, while the public were no less eager to see their favourites in this new form. We must agree that this is a most singular and original tribute to our great man.

Few, perhaps, recollect that Dickens wrote the libretto of an opera, set to music by Hullah. Some of the songs in this "Village Coquettes" became very popular. I have the "Autumn Leaves," sung by Mr. Bennett, which was a great favourite; a duet, "In rich and lofty station shine," and "How beautiful at eventide," sung by Miss Ramsforth; "The child and the old man," "My fair home," "There's a charm in spring," "Love is not a feeling to pass away," "The cares of the day." "The child and the old man" seems a premonitory hint of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. John Parry sang "My fair home"; while Braham lustily voiced the leading tenor songs. Next we have "The Pickwick Quadrilles," with coloured pictures of the character on the title, and it may be said that the colour printing of those days—some seventy years ago—would do credit to our own advanced methods. There was also a second set of quadrilles called "Original," and written by "Boz Junior," and "danced at the Almacks' and Pickwick Balls." There is "The Pickwick Waltz," "The Pickwick Tarantella," and "Mr. Stiggins, a song maliciously composed and written by Tug Veller."

We next find "The Nickleby Quadrilles," and "The Nickleby Galop," "humbly dedicated to the Brothers Cheeryble," by Sydney Vernon. There is also "The Ghost and the Baron of Grogswig," "a new comic song sung by Mr. Howell at the Royal Colosseum, Public Festivals, &c., written and respectfully dedicated to *the immortal* Boz," by John Major, arranged by John Monro.

The immortal "Ivy Green" seems to have enjoyed enormous popularity, and offers many editions. It was originally published by Jeffreys, but seems to have been the prey of many, such as Duncombe, Young, Lawson Bingley, "Musical Bouquet" folk, and others. It was generally garnished by romantic pictures of ruined abbeys and churches overgrown with the ivy. The words are admirable, and, I fancy, were suggested by the old Rochester Castle. It was composed by the well-known Henry Russell, whom I have heard sing it "many a time and oft," and the air is an admirable one. It is remarkable that no other musical version was attempted. Mr. Philips, a highly popular vocalist, also sang it; it was also adapted for pianoforte solo, "with familiar variations," by Ricardo Lenter. It was published and republished by Cramer and others. There was an American issue, "Ballad by Boz," the music composed by "Lynde Waller, Esq."

We next come to "The Chimes Quadrille," music composed by

that redoubtable charlatan "Mons. Jullien," with gaudy bells ringing furiously on the title-page, as they did at his promenade concerts. There was a song of "The Chimes," written by Carpenter, "set" by Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The words began: "The chimes! The chimes! The joyous chimes," &c. There was another issue, "respectfully inscribed," &c. We have also "The Battle of Life," composed by one Flood, with a pretty picture of the fruit gatherers. From *The Cricket on the Hearth* we have "The Crachett Polka," by the irrepressible Jullien, "as performed with enthusiastic applause at the author's concerts." There are

ILLUSTRATION ON COVER OF SONG "DORA TO AGNES"

The words by Charles Jefferys and the music by T. H. Tully

also "The Cricket Quadrilles," by Lancelot, and another "Cricket Polka." From the *Carol* comes a song called "Tiny Tim," by Caldecott, a popular ballad-maker, with another "Tiny Tim," dedicated to Dickens.

The immense popularity of the winsome Dolly Varden is shown by her many portraits—in fact, she seems to be the only character in the story selected for treatment. We have the "Dolly Varden Quadrilles," by Marriott; "Dolly Varden Schottische," by King; "Dolly Varden Galop," by Charles Coole, Jun.; "Dolly Varden Waltz"; George Moore's great song, "Dressed as a Dolly Var-

den," "written, composed, and sung by the inimitable G. W. Moore"—where the "inimitable" is thus self-applied. The great Vance also tried his hand in "Vance's Dolly Varden Impersonation and Drawing-room Comic Song." Poor Dolly in such company!

We have also "Master Humphrey's Clock, Did you hear anything knock?" by Bealer, author of "Gooseberry Wine," "Dancing Dairy Maid," &c. There is the "No Thoroughfare Galop," by "kind permission of Charles Dickens, Esq.," written by Charles Coole, junr.; "A Ballad from Great Expectations," and "suggested by the popular novel"; "Mugby Junction Galop," with the "kind permission of Charles Dickens, Esq.," composed by Charles Coole, junr.

"Little Nell" seems almost as musically popular as Dolly. There is "Little Nell Waltz," by Dan Godfrey; "Little Nell," a pianoforte solo, by Miss Hawley, "authoress of 'Solopia.'" From *Dombey* we have "Paul," by Caldecott; "Little Nell," by Linley; "Nell, Nelly, gently sleep," by Winter; "Florence," by Charles Jeffreys; and, of course, "What are the wild waves saying?" All may remember how popular was this duet, and how every correct pair of sisters warbled it. The words were by Carpenter, the music by Stephen Glover. It was arranged for the piano by Brinley Richards, and also by Osborne. There was a companion duet, "A Voice from the Waves," composed by Stephen Glover. Another song was called "Walter and Florence," who are shown seated side by side in the vessel. It was written by Chandler, and composed by Glover.

Coming to *Copperfield*, we find "Dora's Waltz" and "Dora's Song, composed and dedicated to Doady by the dearest girl in the world," with a prettily coloured picture. This was dedicated to the author, and published in Dublin. Next we have the "Little Em'ly Waltzes," played between the acts at the Olympic Theatre during the performance of A. Halliday's capital adaptation of the story, with the unrivalled Micawber of G. Rowe, the best and most perfect Boz interpretation I have ever seen, though Boz himself was not over-enthusiastic; but he rarely was in such cases. They were written by Winterbottom, who, I think, was the "leader." There was "Dora, the Child-Wife," written by G. Linley, composed by Gerald Stanley, dedicated to C. Dickens, Esq., and published by Jullien. Then the "David Copperfield Polka," by Wilson; "Dora to Agnes," by Tully, the words by Jeffreys; "Agnes: or, I have loved you all my life," by Gerald Stanley; "Little Blossom," a ballad by Stephen Glover.

Next we come to *Bleak House*. In the adaptation at the Globe Theatre, under the direction of Edgar Bruce, many airs were introduced written by Solomon. An odd conjunction was a galop called "Joe," though, on second thoughts, the hapless lad's career *was* a perpetual "Galop." There is also a song "He wos wery good to me." "Poor Joe's Song," by Alfred Allen; "Farewell to the old house," by the indefatigable Charles Glover—this was an item in "The Bleak House Lyrics"; "The Token Flowers," founded on Caddy's flowers, in the narrative of *Bleak House*, Part 6, p. 171,

written by a composer of high distinction, B. Molique. "Ada Clare" was another of the *Bleak House* lyrics by Glover.

We turn to *Little Dorrit*. Here is "Little Dorrit's Vigil," by the composer of "Little Nell"; "As you like it: or, Little Dorrit's Polka," by W. H. Montgomery; "My dear old home," by John Blockley"; "Little Dorrit's Polka," by Jules Norman, "respectfully dedicated," &c. Poor Boz! All these applications had to be answered. This song, we are told, "was performed before her Majesty." There is also "Floating Away," which Clenham is supposed to sing, written by John Blockley; "Little Dorrit" song, by S. Stanley.

His magazine even was set to music. "Household Words" twice appeared as companion to the favourite song "Hearths and Homes," which was written by Charlotte Young. The present version was by John Blockley. There was a quadrille called "All the Year Round," dedicated to its editor. We have "Yankee Notes for English Circulation," dedicated to Boz, *in A-merry-key*, with a fair portrait of the dedicatee. We have also the "Hard Times Polka," a rather comic concatenation; and "Jenny Wren, the Dolls' Dressmaker," from *Our Mutual Friend*, by Alfred Caldecott. Finally, there is "The Showman," a song from *All the Year Round*, by J. Hatton.

These items have taken time to enumerate, and there can be little doubt that there are some more uncollected still. But it must be repeated, what a singular and unique tribute to the *compelling* power of our author, who, as it were, put pressure on his admirers to expend themselves in this musical fashion.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XLIII

DICKENSIA

By ELEANOR GRAY

OH, strong of heart to pass, a Galahad
Through life's abysms, pure, undefiled,
Evolving child,
Nell, Florence, Paul, by waters sad—
Childwife, or Ruth of spirit glad,
Or Agnes mild.

Oh, love that gave us Joe and Smike for care,
Ne'er prosper who betray thy trust,
So deep thy thrust.
Sikes, Fagin, loom from out their snare
Fate's scorn, humanity's despair,
The world's disgust.

Sublimest Pecksniff, cloaked, benevolent,
"Unfrocked" seems Tom at length aghast—
Iconoclast—
Sweep on, but leave us Tapley's bent,
Sam Weller's mirth with wisdom blent,
And Pickwick last.

From "Eos and other Poems," published recently by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

DICKENS FÊTE AT BROADSTAIRS

UNVEILING OF TABLETS

BROADSTAIRS was *en fête* on Saturday, June 20th, and bright with flags and bunting, when a large party of Dickensians from London journeyed down to the famous seaside resort to join the Isle of Thanet Branch of the Fellowship in memorializing the Dickens landmarks of the town by fixing tablets to certain buildings.

On arriving at the station the visitors were met by Mr. Thomas Barry, the President of the Branch and owner of Bleak House, who conducted the party to the Council Chamber. Here light refreshments were served and an official and cordial welcome extended to the visitors by Mr. C. S. Reed, the Chairman of the Urban District Council, in an interesting and appropriate speech. A similar office was performed by Mr. Thomas Barry on behalf of the Isle of Thanet Branch. Mr. Walter Dexter, Vice-Chairman of the London Council of the Fellowship, responded in a neat and effective speech.

The whole company, which included Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the first President of the Dickens Fellowship, and many of the Branch Vice-Presidents, then proceeded to the unveiling of the tablet on the Albion Hotel, where Dickens stayed on so many occasions. This ceremony was entrusted to the Editor of this magazine, and when he stood up to offer a few appropriate remarks a huge crowd had gathered in front of the building. The tablet bore the words:—

CHARLES DICKENS
STAYED HERE
1839, 1840, 1842, 1843, 1845, 1849, 1859,
AND WROTE PART OF "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

The company then proceeded to the house in High Street where Dickens took lodgings on the occasion of his first visit to the town, and where he wrote the latter portion of *The Pickwick Papers*. The unveiling of the tablet fixed to this house was very appropriately allotted to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the greatest student of Dickens's wonderful book. In the course of his speech Mr. Fitzgerald pointed out how *Pickwick* was permeating the whole of the country, and leaving the mark of its trail on scores of buildings associated with it. Starting at Furnival's Inn, where it had its inception, tablets or memorials had, he said, marked the course of the book's influence at Doughty Street, Rochester, Bath, Sudbury, Ipswich and many other places, until they now came to Broadstairs, where it could be said the latter part was written. The speaker also referred to Dickens's love for Kent, and indicated how the novelist had shown his great affection for the hop county in many of his books. He commenced with Kent in *Pickwick*, and the last words he wrote were of his beloved county.

The exposure of the tablet revealed the words—

CHARLES DICKENS
LIVED HERE
AND WROTE PART OF "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."
1837.

The next house to be visited was Lawn House, the tablet on which was unveiled, first by the high wind, and then formally and more appropriately by Mr. Thomas Barry, and showed that

HERE
CHARLES DICKENS
LIVED AND WROTE
PART OF "BARNABY RUDGE," 1841.

At each of these little functions, the utmost interest and enthusiasm was shown by the large audiences assembled, and there can be no doubt that the local authorities and the local Branch of the Fellowship have done a good service to the town and at the same time a national service. For not only has Broadstairs reasons to be proud of these associations with the great genius of the Victorian era, and shown its appreciation in such appropriate and lasting manner, but it has done these things in the name of every Dickensian throughout the world. And it was a cosmopolitan gathering that witnessed the ceremonies. Among those who came from London were Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, of the Toronto Branch of the Fellowship, Mr. Charles Sessler, of the Philadelphia Branch, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund D. Brookes, of Minneapolis, and many from different parts of this country.

A tablet was also fixed to the house where once lived Mary Strong, the original of Betsey Trotwood, by the owner. This was formally unveiled by Mr. W. Layton.

A public luncheon was afterwards partaken of at the Pavilion, at which Mr. Thomas Barry presided over nearly a hundred. After the toasts of the King, and the President of the United States had been honoured, the chairman proposed the immortal memory of Charles Dickens, which was drunk in silence. Mr. C. S. Reed then gave "The Dickens Fellowship," and spoke of its world-wide extent and influence, and how good it was to have in existence a society whose object was to perpetuate the spirit and good-will that shone out of every page Dickens wrote.

Mr. J. W. T. Ley responded. The chairman then gave "The Fellowship across the Seas," to which Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, of Toronto, responded in an interesting speech, in which he spoke of the formation and progress of the Toronto Branch, and showed in what veneration Canadians and Americans hold Dickens and his books.

Mr. B. W. Matz gave the toast of Broadstairs and its Branch of the Fellowship, and briefly alluded to the formation of the latter in the house of Mr. H. C. Johnson at which he had the privilege of being present, and referred to the strong position it now held. Mr. C. S. Reed responded. The toast of "The Ladies" was entrusted to Mr. Emery, and Mr. William Layton, Secretary of the Branch, replied.

The whole of the function was greatly enjoyed, and the pleasure was considerably enhanced by the music played by an excellent band under the conductorship of Mr. Edgar Swiney, who later took his performers into the gardens on the sea front and there delighted the members again until the time appointed for the visit to Bleak House.

Here the whole of the company became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barry, who placed their charming house and delightful

gardens practically at the command of everyone. After parties of tens had been escorted into every nook and cranny which had associations with the novelist, adjournment was made to the handsome drawing-room, where afternoon tea was served.

Throughout the ceremonies in the forenoon Mr. Barry had fulfilled the official duties, but in the afternoon his enthusiasm broke out in a new place. Throwing off the chains of office, so to speak, he and Mrs. Barry thought of nothing but how best to entertain and make perfectly happy all those who were fortunate enough to be of the party, and their hospitality was greatly appreciated by everyone.

The programme of the visit to Dickens's favourite seaside spot had been arranged by the committee of the Isle of Thanet Branch, and the visitors from London were full of the admirable manner in which Mr. Thomas Barry, Mr. W. Layton, Mr. H. C. Johnson and their confrères had carried everything to a successful issue.

It was a notable day in the annals of the Fellowship, and those who took part in it are likely to remember it for many days to come. Every attention was given to the visitors from London, even to such details as providing the ladies with roses, thanks, we believe, to Mr. W. Layton. In the evening special Dickens performances were given by the Bohemian Concert Party and the Popular Purple Pierrots.

WESTLAND MARSTON AND CHARLES DICKENS

By WALTER WELLSMAN

MY stepfather, Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, was the publisher of Westland Marston's plays.

In the early fifties he brought out the play of "Strathmore."

Mr. Marston conceived the idea of reading the play in public, and to this end he determined to have a rehearsal before a party of friends; about fifty were invited. The reading was given, if I remember right, at the Cavendish Rooms. Among those present were Charles Dickens and John Forster. Mr. Mitchell took me with him.

It was a very trying ceremonial; Marston read the act in a very dismal style, without the slightest change of voice, so that we had not the least idea who the characters were and what they were doing. At the end of the act John Forster said: "D—— it, Marston, you read like a d—— parrot. Could not you let us know whether they are men or women who are talking?"

The play went on to its dismal end; Marston turning his head to the right when he was speaking for men, and to the left for women.

When the dreary business came to an end, after two or three hours of it, the greater part of the company went, having evidently had quite enough of what was intended to be an entertainment, leaving only two or three, including Dickens, Forster, Mr. Mitchell and myself. Dickens went up to the table and took up the play and said to Marston, "You don't know the way to read," and then read the second act. The change was surprising. As Dickens read it the characters seemed to stand out and almost walk about the room. "There," he said, "Marston, that is the way to do it."

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE

THE note that we would strike at once in dealing with the Whit-week production at the Kennington Theatre, by the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Society, is one of warm congratulation to all concerned. To produce a play like "The Old Curiosity Shop," and to play it seven times in one week, was an undertaking from which all but the most enthusiastic spirits might well have shrunk, and

MR. SIDNEY EWART AS THE GRANDFATHER

Mr. A. E. Brookes-Cross, the hon. stage manager, and those associated with him in the successful carrying through of the undertaking, are entitled to high credit. Mr. Brookes-Cross had gathered round him an enthusiastic and hard-working company, and throughout the week the play went without a hitch. Of the adaptation itself little can be said. It was not good; one required the abilities of a Sherlock Holmes to discover exactly what the story was, and the large number of scenes, apart from the too frequent waits in-

curred, made the whole piece seem a most disjointed affair. We saw all our old favourites—Little Nell and her grandfather, Sampson and Sally Brass, Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, Quilp and Kit were all there, but, excepting Quilp and Sampson Brass, none of them had a real chance. In the cases of Dick Swiveller and Sally Brass this was particularly to be regretted, for these characters were in very capable hands, and if their impersonations were disappointing, the fault was with the dramatist and not with the actors. In the light of our knowledge of what Mr. Dexter can do, it is a pity that he had no opportunity of trying his hand at an adaptation. He would have given us a more ship-shape play.

Coming to the acting, it is possible to speak differently. We have no hesitation in saying that from beginning to end it was of such a character as would do credit to any amateur society. The three most finished impersonations were Dick Swiveller, by Mr. Egerton Gray; Sampson Brass, by Mr. A. E. Brookes-Cross; and Sally Brass, by Miss May Daniel. These three were really delightful realisations. Mr. Brookes-Cross had many excellent opportunities, and he never missed one. As we have said, Mr. Gray and Miss Daniel were less fortunate, but they may be congratulated on making much out of little. A powerful bit of work was Mr. Frederick T. Harry's Quilp. The only criticism of it that we have heard is that he was too odious. To our thinking this is really a compliment, for we cannot imagine anything more odious than Dickens's Quilp. There is no doubt that Mr. Harry got well inside the part, and the way in which he sustained it all through was evidence of quite remarkable ability. Of Miss Kathleen Marriott's Little Nell, little need be said. It was charmingly sympathetic, and she never failed to strike the right note. Mr. Sydney Ewart, as the Grandfather, played a difficult part with admirable restraint, and was at his best in the last scene, at the death-bed of Little Nell. Miss Priscilla Craven's Marchioness was a clever character-study, and the only criticism we would offer is that the humour sometimes did not have the effect of unconsciousness; the pathetic note, however, was unerringly struck. Miss H. Pearl Humphry, Mr. H. C. M. Reeve, and Mr. C. T. Rhode, as Mrs. Quilp, Kit, and the Single Gentleman respectively, made the most of somewhat thankless parts.

The "Old Curiosity Shop" was followed by a one-act play, "Dolly Varden," adapted by Mr. Walter Dexter. This was sheer comedy, and always went with a swing. Mr. Fredk. T. Harry and Miss Kathleen Marriott displayed their versatility in the parts of Gabriel Varden and Miss Miggs. Mr. Egerton Gray was delightful as the nincompoop, Sim Tappertit, and his scenes with Miggs were delightful comedy. Mr. Walter Dexter as Maypole Hugh gave an excellent little character-study. Miss H. Pearl Humphry as Mrs. Varden, Miss Priscilla Craven as Dolly Varden, and Mr. Alfred Evelyn as Joe Willett, were all successes.

It should be added that some extremely tuneful incidental music was especially composed for the production by Mr. Stanley Browne.

CHARLES WHITCOMBE.

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

By J. W. T. LEY

II

EARLY MAGAZINE ARTICLES (*continued*)

IN our May number we dipped into two or three of the earliest articles, and, it is hoped, gathered some idea of the interest of the contents of this section of the Kitton collection. In my capacity as guide in this "conducted tour," it has been suggested to me that we should extend our stay in this particular district, so to speak. Nothing loth, I propose to deal again with some early magazine articles, and to follow with a glance at some of the more modern ones.

Opening Vol. I., I am attracted by two contemporary reviews of *American Notes*—one English, or, rather, British, for it is from the "Edinburgh Review," and the other American; and it is instructive to mark the "points of view." Let us take the "Edinburgh" point of view first. It speaks of Dickens's qualifications for the writing of the book, but adds that by way of balancing these "he labours under some considerable disadvantages. . . . A young man, a satirist both by profession and humour, whose studies have lain almost exclusively among the odd characters in the odd corners of London, who does not appear to have attempted the systematic cultivation of his powers, or, indeed, to have been aware of them, until they were revealed to him by *a sudden blaze of popularity which would have turned a weaker head.* . . ." The italics are not in the original.

Now let us read what "The New Englander" has to say: "And here we cannot resist the temptation to turn aside for a moment, to give our readers a brief account of the origin and education of this same 'Charles Dickens, Esq.' . . . We have not been able to . . . ascertain whether any of his ancestors fought by the side of William the Conqueror, at Hastings, or followed the lion-hearted Richard to Palestine. . . . All that we can say is that . . . the father of our hero was, or is, connected with the London press, getting a decent living by gathering or inventing incidents and anecdotes for the London newspapers; and that, accordingly, 'Charles Dickens, Esq.,' was admitted to the profession of a police reporter. It was in this humble, though honest calling that he became so familiar with courts and prisons, Bow Street and St. Giles'. Here, too, was developed that peculiar talent for caricaturing, in which Mr. Dickens excels. . . . The *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* had a rapid sale, and Mr. Dickens soon found himself, with an increasing popularity, in the enjoyment of an ample income. All this, we, as Americans, regard as more respectable than any mere pedigree, running back even to the Conquest. *But Mr. Dickens, unable to bear this sudden turn of fortune with the equanimity that ought ever to characterize the nobility of genius, puts on airs as if he belonged by birth and breeding to those higher classes which constitute the 'Corinthian capital' of English society.*" The italics are my own again.

To those who know their Dickens, who know anything of his

writings and of his life, I fancy this will be almost as entertaining as an incident in *Pickwick* itself. But more follows: "It is not by wearing white kid gloves on a railroad and steamboat journey in a New England February—it is not by being unable to understand the possibility of a gentleman's dining earlier than the latest possible hour—it is not by the most punctilious observance of the ordinary conventionalities of fashionable life . . . that true good breeding is infallibly known." Is it not delightful to picture in our mind's eye this "New Englander" critic sitting down to tell the creator of the Veneerings that it is not the veneer that makes the gentleman?—for, after all, that is exactly what he was trying to do.

I am tempted to quote still further from this article. The writer had evidently read the parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit* that treat of young Martin's American experiences, and he was undoubtedly angry to find Dickens unrepentant in *American Notes*. He starts: "When it was announced that 'Charles Dickens, Esq.,' intended to visit the United States our curiosity was somewhat excited to see the man who had so suddenly written himself into notoriety and fortune," and he tells us that he had laughed at Mr. Pickwick, wept over Oliver, followed with interest the Nickleby family's adventures, and sympathized with Little Nell, but—it is a big "but," as will be seen—"When we reflected on his moral and religious principles as developed in his writings, and on the unfortunate tendency of those writings in many particulars, we were as fully prepared to treat him with indifference . . . in fact, after dwelling on these latter considerations . . . our animosity so far subsided that when we were informed that 'Charles Dickens, Esq.' had actually arrived in our city, and would receive his friends at the hotel near by, we did not even do ourselves the honour to look him in the face." In short, though this writer had "always conceded to Mr. Dickens much merit as a writer of a certain sort," he had felt that "his literary reputation was insufficient to overbalance that moral obliquity which made it inconsistent with one's self-respect, to be particularly respectful towards him."

Is it not all delightful? One wishes that this writer's name had been preserved, for surely it would be instructive to know something of the man who regarded it as inconsistent with his self-respect to be "particularly respectful" to the creator of Little Nell, the destroyer of Yorkshire Schools, the man whom America's own beloved Washington Irving delighted to honour. But our writer is just as entertaining when he comes to criticism of Dickens's works. For instance, he tells us that "There is a remarkable similarity among the later productions of Mr. Dickens, which indicates a lack of invention." That will be new to most of the readers of THE DICKENSIAN, I am sure. It will prepare them, though, for the criticism that "Dickens is eminently an imitator." Now this is legitimate enough of course—a legitimate expression of opinion, but at this day, it is amusing to observe how lamentably this critic failed to understand *Boz*—doubly amusing in view of the extracts that we looked at last month. But we must pass on.

Let us turn to another volume. Here is an extract from an article on

Dickens in the "Biographical Magazine," 1852: "Few men have used great talents more conscientiously than Dickens. From first to last he has endeavoured to raise and Christianise his readers. Every book has had a purpose, and almost every line an aim. . . . For lasting purposes of good, the literary man has a noble opportunity, and nobly has Dickens used it. . . . Amongst the benefactors and lords of mind Dickens is one of the foremost, and his character is best expressed by the words of his only dedication (to Samuel Rogers) of *The Old Curiosity Shop*—'One whose writings (as all the world knows) are replete with generous and earnest feeling; and a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poorest and humblest of his kind.'" This biographical sketch is signed "J. H. F.," and a pencil note in the late Mr. Kitton's handwriting tells us that these letters stand for J. Hain Friswell.

Now, summer has come round again, and on the ninth of last month, thirty-eight years had passed since the voice that had brought happiness and enjoyment to so many, was silenced. And so, we turn to a volume that contains many articles that were published in 1870. It opens at an In Memoriam article from "Temple Bar," by the present Poet Laureate. Mr. Alfred Austin, in speaking of the humour of Dickens as English, adds, but "let us say that we scarce know where it came from. England at once accepted it as the best humour ever offered it; and since the nation was thus obviously prepared to appreciate it, the nation must in some way have contributed towards its production. But we fail to see what prior events or authors led up to Charles Dickens. He is, without any exception, the most original writer in the language. The sources of his genius, and of the forms his genius assumed, are as hidden, from our eyes at least, as were once from all eyes the sources of the Nile. We see the great fertilising stream, but only in some dim Mountains of the Moon can we dream of its fount or origin. This gives to Dickens an exceptional and solitary position. He is the only great English writer of whom it cannot be said that he is a classic. Once more, he was the 'Happy Author,' for surely we no longer live in classic times!" And if Dickens's pathos cannot be spoken of so gloriously as his humour, it is "not because his pathos was not good, but because his humour was so matchless." This is a true criticism. We cannot end better than by quoting the last three sentences of Mr. Austin's article, because they express an appreciation of the real achievement of Dickens's life. "Other writers have, by dint of imagination, exalted soldiers, statesmen, and great nobles, and by taking thought have added many cubits to the stature of kings. It was the privilege of Dickens, by dint of that same inestimable gift of imagination, to raise and transfigure the lowly. Indeed, we know of no words that could be more fittingly inscribed on his tomb than two single ones from Holy Writ—*Exaltavit humiles.*"

AT CLOSE OF DAY

A Rhythmical Setting of the Finale of "Martin Chuzzlewit"

By ROBERT ALLBUT

THE silver gleam of eve's first star is shining,
And twilight glimmers in the dark'ning room,
Where dulcet chords of glorious anthems pealing,
With stately echoes charm th' encircling gloom.

Dear Tom, thy presence at the keyboard seated
Renews our friendship of an earlier date;
As in fair organ tones thy heart out-speaking,
Thou dost the story of thy life relate.

Thine autumn days move onward, calm and blissful,
Though yet the hallowed record of the past
E'en brings remembrance of thine old love's secret;
Never forgotten while thy course shall last.

A treasured recollection, pure and sacred,
Like dreams in which we reverence the dead;
It tells in pathos of thy minor cadence,
Of nobler joys when this world's joys are fled.—

Lightly thy fingers press the notes in concert,
But gentlier still thy touch compassionate
Falls on the head of that false Wiltshire tyrant,
Brought swiftly downward from his proud estate.

He haunts thee, Tom, and prays thee to remember
The times of old, and grant him kindly aid:
Well dost thou know how, at yon ale-house spending,
With tales untrue thy goodness is repaid.—

Anon thou changest to a livelier measure,
While lightsome feet trip gaily in the dance;
And bright young eyes in trustful faces beaming,
Look up to thine with glad responsive glance.

Her child is there, a slight and fairy creature,
Who loves thee well, from all the rest apart;
Thine eyes pursue her in the joyous pastime,
The chosen darling of thy faithful heart.

In failing health, she once chose thine attendance,
To serve as nurse, when fever touched her brow;
Whilst thou wert near, she never knew impatience,
Nor would complaint nor fretful tear allow.—

Now to a pensive, graver air thou glidest,
Devoted to old friends and bygone years:
In foremost place, the spirit of thy patron,
With mien composed and tranquil face appears.

In solemn token of thy true affection,
Memorial strains recall him from the dead;
Once more, it seems, he proffers love's protection,
With cordial blessings on thine honoured head.—

From flowery groves, where youthful hands are strewing
Rose leaves of summer o'er the paths around,
There comes dear Ruth, and takes her seat beside thee,
Thy soul's delight, with truth and virtue crowned.

In past and present, thy regard fraternal
Enshrines her image in its fondest thought;
Thence to the future soars thy grander music,
With gentlest, tend'rest memories inwrought.

Within, without, the choral strains resounding,
In rolling waves of melody arise;
They lift ye both beyond earth's evening shadows,
To cloudless morn, 'neath Heaven's serenest skies.

TONG AND "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

By J. E. A.

WITH reference to the suggestion that the Dickens family derived their origin from the ancient Dickenses of Bobbington, a parish partly in Shropshire and partly in Staffordshire, the following notes, told many years ago by an old inhabitant of Tong, and then written down by a friend who has recently handed them over to me, may prove interesting.

Charles Dickens's grandmother was housekeeper at Tong Castle during an unfortunate lawsuit between Mr. George Durant, the owner, and his wife. In consequence of these proceedings, Mr. Durant took up his residence in Paris, and left a housekeeper in charge of his castle at Tong. This housekeeper was the grandmother of the celebrated novelist. She came from near Claverley, Shropshire (a village some five miles from Bobbington), and on leaving Tong went to Crewe Hall (or Combermere Abbey possibly) to hold a like position. From her Charles heard all about "Little Nell." She was a servant, who came from Bath, and was maid to Miss Payne, half-sister to Mr. George Durant, and married a man named Lee, an old soldier, who turned out a scoundrel, and ran away from her with a married woman named Doran. Eleanor Lee died in the Tong Almshouses, and is buried in Tong Churchyard. Her peculiar little gravestone is still to be seen, close to the Durant vault, and bears on the eastern side the inscription: "Eleanor Lee, wife of John Lee, died January 9, 1817, aged 39"; on the western side some lines beginning "Emblem of life." The late Mr. Beaufoy Durant, son of the Squire of Tong, in 1872, said that she was undoubtedly "Little Nell," and that the stone was put up by his aunt, commemorating her misfortunes, her life having been a most romantic one.

Charles Dickens stayed with "Old Letts," the innkeeper of the Harp Inn, Allington, on his visit to Tong, possibly induced to come to the neighbourhood by the fact of his grandmother having once lived at Tong, and from having heard from her lips the story of Eleanor Lee.

The old well which he describes as underneath the belfry was really outside the church, nearly opposite the tower, but when the

road, which formerly ran close by the ruins, where Little Nell, her grandfather, and the schoolmaster lived, was altered to its present position, it was filled up.

The schoolmaster was Andrew Cousins, also parish clerk, who died October 22, 1829, aged 70, and whose gravestone is still to be seen.

Though the above may be described as but "random recollections," they seem worthy of being placed on record. They were put down many years before the present Dickens cult arose, in fact, nearly fifty years ago, and may therefore be considered valuable, even if only in the light of Tong tradition.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH" IN CANADA

THE Fellowship Players gave two performances of "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, on the 22nd and 24th of February, most successfully. The hall was crowded on both nights. On the 28th of March the company journeyed to Ottawa to take part in the Earl Grey dramatic competition. They were not fortunate enough to win the Trophy, but the general opinion of their work may be judged by the following extracts from the newspaper reports. The Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* says:—

"The Dickens Fellowship Company of Players from Toronto presented last night, in an excellent manner, a dramatised version of 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' Their performance was eminently satisfying and finished throughout, and in the judgment of many capable critics who saw all the competing companies the award might well have gone to the Toronto company. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith as Caleb Plummer took the *rôle* in a most realistic and finished manner. Mr. E. S. Williamson as Tackleton also won many encomiums from the large audience present. Miss Blanche Walter as Tilly Slowboy gave the finest bit of comedy work seen during the competition, and delighted the audience with her competent handling of the *rôle*."

The Ottawa *Free Press* commented as follows:—

"The Dickens Fellowship Company had the advantage of having previously presented the play before the public in Toronto, where it scored a marked success. The acting was even, not overstrained, and was full of sympathetic feeling. In fact, it seemed as if the play were being presented by a good class of professional and not by amateur actors, and there will be considerable surprise that it does not figure higher in the judge's estimation."

Miss Blanche Walter roused the humour of the audience by her impersonation of Tilly Slowboy. Miss Walter was one of the best of the actors in the piece. Mr. E. S. Williamson, in the part of Tackleton, fulfilled the expectations of those who were acquainted with his dramatic recitals. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, the well-known artist, too, was excellent as Caleb Plummer. The parts of John and Dot Peerybingle were respectively played by Mr. S. T. Church and Mrs. E. H. Stafford. Both were exceedingly well played, especially Dot. The other actors in the drama also won the appreciation of the house by their histrionic talents.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" in Canada.

MISS WALTER as "TILLY"

Characters in the play as presented by the Dickens Fellowship Company of Players of Toronto.

MR. WILLIAMSON as "TACKLETON"

at

Conservatory Music Hall, Toronto

and at

Russell Theatre Ottawa.

DOT

MR. BELL-SMITH as "CALEB" and MISS PARKER as "BERTHA"

MRS. STAFFORD as "DOT" and MR. CHURCH as "JOHN"

MORE ABOUT EARLY AMERICAN EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF DICKENS

By WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

IN our July number of last year on "First and Early American Editions of the Works of Dickens," the writer stated that he had never seen any editions in parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *David Copperfield*, or *Dombey and Son*, published by Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia; but since writing that article there has come into his possession that firm's first edition of *David Copperfield*. It is in twenty parts, royal 8vo, parts 19 and 20 in one, printed in double columns. The covers are yellow paper, and, unlike the *Sketches* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, there is no attempt to reproduce the original (English) cover design, the front cover being simply set in type with the full text of the original. The price was five cents a copy, and eight of the parts only had each a single plate engraved on wood by W. B. Gihon, after the "Phiz" Etchings. The first ten parts bear the date 1849, and the balance 1850.

On the bottom of the back covers there is this advertisement:—

Now Publishing

DOMBEY AND SON

FINE EDITIONS

In Twenty Numbers, Price 8 Cents Each, with Two Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne in Each Number.

This is the only edition which presents the plates accompanying the text to which they refer.

The last line of the advertisement evidently was intended to show that it was better than the Wiley Edition, published in New York, the covers of which said, "The illustrations for this number will be given with the next."

The Early American Editions in parts are very rare; in fact it is much easier in the United States to obtain the original English Editions in parts than the American Editions.

In 1842 Lea & Blanchard published new Editions of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. Each in a single royal octavo volume, printed in double columns, and bound in black cloth. They had the original Cattermole and Browne illustrations, rather poorly re-engraved on wood, and also some full-page plates, beautifully engraved by J. Yeager after the extra Sibsons ones.

The first American Edition of *American Notes* was published in 1842 by Harper & Bros., New York. It was an octavo pamphlet of ninety-two pages, printed in double columns, with a brown-paper cover, "Price One Shilling."

The first separate edition ever published in book form of the unfinished sketch, *Mrs. Gamp with the Strolling Players*, was privately printed in New York in 1899 for Mr. Lowell P. Palmer, from the original manuscript owned by him. Only eighty-five copies were printed on deckle-edged paper, with illustrations consisting of a portrait of the author, a specially designed title-page, and a full-page

illustration, the last two by Pailthorpe. It is beautifully printed by "The Gillis Press," and bound in white parchment, with gilt title on the front cover.

The writer possesses a unique copy of Dickens's Christmas Number of "All the Year Round"—*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.* It is an octavo pamphlet of fifty-nine pages, printed in double columns on a very poor quality of paper, and has the following imprint: "Mobile, Ala. Printed at the Office of the *Advertiser and Register.* 1864." From this imprint it will be seen that it was printed in a Southern City while the Civil War was still in progress, when printing paper was a very scarce article with Southern publishers, who at times were compelled to print their newspapers on such poor substitutes as wall paper. If Dickens could have seen this little pamphlet it would seem as though he would have appreciated the fact, even if it was an unauthorised edition, that notwithstanding the strenuous times the South was passing through, his writings were so popular that there were publishers to print and people who would read them.

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHER POEMS

WE have received a small volume with the above title, written by M. Davidson, and issued by The Open Road Publishing Company, 11, Cursitor Street, E.C. The poem which gives the title to the volume is a long one of twenty verses, traversing the life-story, character and influence of the novelist, written by one who is evidently a great and enthusiastic admirer of his subject. Here is one of them:—

"Where are the Yorkshire schools to-day?
Where is the debtors' prison?
Torn from their old foundations,
And in their place have risen
More humane laws, more noble schools,
More freedom in the land;
And through it all, we see the touch
Of his reforming hand."

There are one or two misprints in it, such as "Macawber," "Grummidge" and "Peggoty."

The second poem is devoted to "The Cheeryble Grants," written after reading Mr. Hume Elliott's book on the subject. This occupies seven pages, is composed of six-lined verses, and deals with the life of the Grants from their birth, and the good they did to their countrymen. It has less merit than the former, and we quote a specimen verse from it:—

"One purse between them was all they required,
And each one would take what each one desired;
While help from that purse was never refused,
Not e'en though their kindness was often abused.
To the poor they were ever a generous friend,
And though gaining so freely, as freely would spend."

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET

IN response to the appeal in our last issue for subscriptions to a fund for helping the above hospital, which is so closely associated with the name of Charles Dickens, we have pleasure in acknowledging the following amounts, which have been forwarded to the Secretary:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Bradshaw, of Manchester	3	0	0
"Christine" and her brother	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Leavey	0	2	6
Mrs. W. F. Wilson	0	1	0
Miss Edith Slack	0	1	0
Mr. Walter Dexter	0	2	6
Mr. E. D. Brookes, of Minneapolis	0	2	0
Miss J. Reckitt	0	2	6
Mrs. Dale	0	1	0
Mr. S. R. A. M. Fontenoy	0	1	0
"Mrs. Quilp," "Harold Skimpole," Mrs. Marriott, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. C. Sessler, "O. F.," Mr. Watson, Miss Hurley, Anon., Mr. Herne. (6d each).	0	5	0

After having gone to press with our June number, the following letter was received from the Secretary of the Hospital, which we have much pleasure in publishing. In doing so, may we repeat that we shall be glad to continue to receive subscriptions and forward them to the Secretary:—

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.
May 25th, 1908.

SIR,—I dare say you may have seen in the daily papers a letter, signed by the Duke of Fife, the President, announcing the visit of the Queen to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and at the same time appealing for funds, of which at this juncture this institution stands in particularly urgent need.

Charles Dickens, as I need scarcely remind you, always took an especial interest in this hospital. Not only did he assist in the foundation of it, but later on he also presided at a dinner on its behalf, and further introduced it into one of his novels. It occurred to me then that, having regard to these circumstances, lovers of the works of Charles Dickens might feel inclined on learning the needs of the hospital to respond to the President's appeal.

The hospital is burdened with an annual deficit between assured income and necessary expenditure of £5,000, which is likely to be increased as the demands on the hospital grow; and it is in the removal of this hindrance to the work of the hospital that I would ask the co-operation of Dickensians.

Dickensians doubtless have many claims made on their charity in the name of the great writer, but perhaps there are some who can still spare a small amount for a hospital so closely associated with their favourite author. I would add that I should be very happy to show over the hospital any of your readers who would care to call any afternoon between 2 and 4.

Yours faithfully,
STEWART JOHNSON, Secretary.

The Editor, *The Dickensian*.

The hospital is not merely a London hospital, but receives little patients from all over the country, and we believe that every county throughout the British Isles has from time to time derived benefits from its excellent work.

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Editor of *The Dickensian*, 11, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. They will be acknowledged in its pages.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—Rosa Dartle.

ANSWERS

The Horse a Cause of Vice.—The passage in Dickens's works in which he comments on the curious fact that the horse, one of the noblest of animals, should be the cause of so much "vice in man" is to be found in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Chapter XIX. It is little Nell who ponders upon this question during the races.—Lydia Schlegel, Overveen, near Haarlem.

[We have received similar answers from other readers.—Ed.]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE WELLERISMS

Sir,—Whilst reading Longfellow's "Spanish Student," I came across the following three Wellerisms, and wondered whether or not they had been noticed before. Chispa is the speaker in each case.

1. "And now, gentlemen, *pax vobiscum* (peace be with you), as the ass said to the cabbages."
2. "And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning."
3. "And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox."

Yours faithfully,

11, Cornhill, E.C., June 20th, 1908. Arthur J. Prentice.

Sir,—Respecting "Wellerisms" and their original sources of inspiration, I have not seen *The Mirror* noticed, though it cannot have been overlooked in the numerous researches upon the subject. At the risk of "carrying coals to Newcastle," I enclose a copy of "Wellerisms" to be found at the end of the first volume.

Now, *The Mirror* must have been a household word to Charles Dickens, as it was to me at a somewhat later date. I still possess Vols. I. and III., as well as one or two later ones.

Vol. III. also contains a story worked up in *Pickwick*—that of the prisoner who nearly got shut out.

I have transcribed these on the chance that they may be of use to you.

Yours faithfully,

Broadstairs, May 25th, 1908. J. E. Ingpen.

From *The Mirror—of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction*, &c., weekly, price 2d. Vol. I., No. xxx., p. 470, Supplementary Number, May 21st, 1823.

TWELVE DROLL SIMILES

"Rough and ready, like a rat-catcher's dog."—DAVIES.

1. Sharp work for the eyes—as the devil said when a broad-wheeled wagon went over his nose.
2. I'm down upon you—as the extinguisher said to the rushlight.
3. I know the world—as the monkey said when he cut off his tail.
4. Turn'd soldier—as the lobster said when he popped his head out of the saucepan.
5. Musical and melancholy—as the cricket said to the tea-kettle.
6. Here we are all mustered—as the roast beef said to the Welsh rabbits.
7. I'm all in a perspiration—as the mutton chop said to the gridiron.
8. Where shall I go?—as the bullet said to the trigger.
9. Off with a whisk—as the butcher said to the flies.
10. I'll be quick—as the fly said when he hopped out of the mustard pot.
11. Everyone take care of himself—as the jackass said when he was dancing among the chickens.
12. When a man is ashamed to show the front of his face, let him turn round, and show the back of it—as the turnstile said to the weather-cock.

I. W. W. P.

From *The Mirror*, No. lxxi., Feb. 21st, 1824, Vol. III., p. 120.

PRISON LIFE.

A Frenchman who had been several years confined for debt in the Fleet Prison found himself so much at home within its walls, and was, withal, so harmless and inoffensive a character that the jailer occasionally permitted him to recreate himself by spending his evenings abroad without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement. His little earnings as a jack-of-all-trades enabled him to form several pothouse connections, and these led him, by degrees, to be less and less punctual in his return at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is, Mounseer," at length said the jailer to him; "you are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all that if you do not keep better hours and come back in good time I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether."—"Sweepings of my Study."

THE ORIGINAL OF MR. MOPES

SIR,—I lately read in a book that near Knebworth there is a place called Red Coats Green, where the Hertfordshire hermit lived named Lucas, who was, says the book, the original of Dickens's Mr. Mopes. Has any Dickensian read of Mr. Mopes as a Dickens character?

Yours truly,

W. RICHENS.

June 11th, 1908.

[Mr. Mopes is a character in *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, and it is supposed that Lucas, of Knebworth, locally known as "Mad Lucas," was the original of the character. Full particulars will be found on pages 179-181 of Kitton's "The Dickens Country."—ED.]

BOB SAWYER'S BUTTONS, AND MISS BIRD AND "THE BATTLE OF LIFE"

SIR,—I remember that, in *The Pickwick Papers*, Mr. Bob Sawyer is described as wearing a waistcoat with "thunder and lightning buttons." I would really like to know what those are.

In a book which I have just been reading, entitled "Letters of an Enthusiast," being letters written by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clark to Robert Balmano, she describes a photograph she is sending him, and says: "The white house in the middle distance, beneath the mountains, is Miss Bird's, the lady whose history is supposed to have furnished the groundwork of Charles Dickens's Christmas Tale of *The Battle of Life.*"

I do not remember having seen in my Dickens readings this matter stated, but it may be that I have forgotten. I throw it in here for what it may be worth.

Assuring you of my continued interest and enjoyment of *The Dickensian,*

I am sincerely yours,

A. W. Rideout.

South Wellfleet, Mass., June 3rd, 1908.

THE DICKENS FÊTE AT BROADSTAIRS

Sir,—I cannot allow the echoes of your visit to fade without calling to your notice the long and strenuous work performed by our "Hon. Sec.," Mr. Layton, to whom we are so much indebted, and to whose whole-hearted work in the cause of the Fellowship, you, and we, have to thank for the flourishing condition of its membership, and more especially the success of (may I call it?) your annual Broadstairs Pilgrimage. I think I must please ask to include Mr. Reed, the Chairman of the Council and his indefatigable wife, to whose kind hospitality we are indebted for our reception at the Council Chamber.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas Barry.

Bleak House, Broadstairs, June 21st, 1908.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

CHARITABLE AND NEEDLEWORK GUILD.—The hon. secretary begs to remind members of the Guild that there are still a number of unpaid subscriptions due for the present year, and she will feel greatly obliged by the receipt of same. A few Pension Fund subscriptions are also rather late. Our old lady receives her weekly allowance every Saturday morning, and is very grateful to all those friends who are thus helping her to end her days in peace. If more members would assist us in this effort we might be able to carry comfort to many a weary soul. 3d. or 6d. regularly each week would enable us to do much good in this particular way.

HASTINGS.—The Branch wound up the winter session in fine style on May 20th, when the annual social and dramatic evening, at the Albany Hotel, drew a large attendance. Miss Beatrice Foster, Mrs. Edward Horsey, and Mr. Harry Mills contributed musical items. The chief event was a series of scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit,* arranged by Mrs. Stevens. Mr. John Horniman made Pecksniff very real. The Misses Gertrude Dexter and Olive Stevens played capitally as Mercy and Charity Pecksniff, Mrs. Braund was a lifelike Mrs. Todgers, and Mr. Gurney Tyler made a very amusing Bayley. Mr. Wilfrid Jordan doubled the parts of Martin and Jonas Chuzzlewit, and afterwards proved his versatility by a comic song. Another dramatic treat was afforded by Mr. H. Robinson as Trotty Veck, and Mrs. Alf. Cruttenden (an attractive Meg), in a scene from *The Chimes.* Madame Murray and Miss Beatrice Foster

played pianoforte selections. Miss Julie Braund, as Betsey Trotwood, carried off the honours in a sketch from *David Copperfield*, arranged by Mrs. Alf. Cruttenden. Miss Phyllis Murray, however, made an excellent David, and Mr. George Fellows, Mr. Wilfrid Jordan, and Mrs. T. W. Rogers, as Mrs. Dick and Mr. and Miss Murdstone, caused much amusement.

LIVERPOOL.—A good turn out of members and friends betook themselves on June 20th to Chester, and up the river to Eccleston Ferry, where an *al-fresco* tea was much enjoyed on the river bank. Members are much indebted to Mr. Percy Jaggard for his kind assistance. After tea some of the party visited Eaton Hall. The general verdict was, "A most enjoyable day."

MAIDSTONE.—The last meeting of the season took the form of a conversazione, and was held at the Old Palace, and a most enjoyable time was spent. The following contributed towards the harmony of the evening:—Mr. F. Wind, Mr. Sedgeman, Mr. E. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and quartettes by Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Miss Francis, and Mr. Gocher. Mrs. Merry delivered an excellent reading from the "Death of Little Nell," and Mr. E. W. B. Abbott, from the *Pickwick Papers*, whilst Mr. W. Vaughan read a piece from *Great Expectations*. The President, Mr. E. Vaughan, proposed the toast "Success to the Maidstone Branch of the Dickens' Fellowship," and, in the course of a few remarks, said the Society had grown considerably during the past few years. They now had a membership of about 80, and he wanted to increase it until they had attained a membership of 200 or more. The committee had worked very hard during the past year, and most of the success was due to them. Mr. E. W. B. Abbott proposed the toast of Mr. Vaughan, and said they were very fortunate in having such an excellent President.

TORONTO.—The executive was glad to take advantage of the first visit to America of Prof. William Miles to secure his services for a recital of *Dombey and Son*, at Association Hall, on Monday, May 11th. An audience of over 1,200 people greeted Mr. Miles, and thoroughly enjoyed his excellent work. The outstanding feature of Mr. Miles's recital was his portrayal of Joey Bagstock, but all his characters were well done, and he held the closest attention of the large audience to the end. This recital was the most successful yet given under the auspices of the Branch. A substantial amount out of the proceeds has been placed to the credit of our charitable fund. The President, Mr. E. S. Williamson, introduced Mr. Miles, and announced that next season the Branch would probably put on a Lyceum course of five numbers, in addition to the regular monthly meetings and dramatic performances. The Players Company is now considering the cast for a new play, to be given in the fall, an adaptation of "Little Nell," by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Boston Woman who paid $755 for *Pickwick Papers*." Illus. *Sunday Herald* (Boston, U.S.A.), May 24th.

"Dickens Festival at Broadstairs." *Broadstairs Echo*, June 13th and 20th. *Pall Mall Gazette* and other papers, June 15th. *Standard* and *Daily Chronicle*, June 22nd. *The Times*, June 23rd.

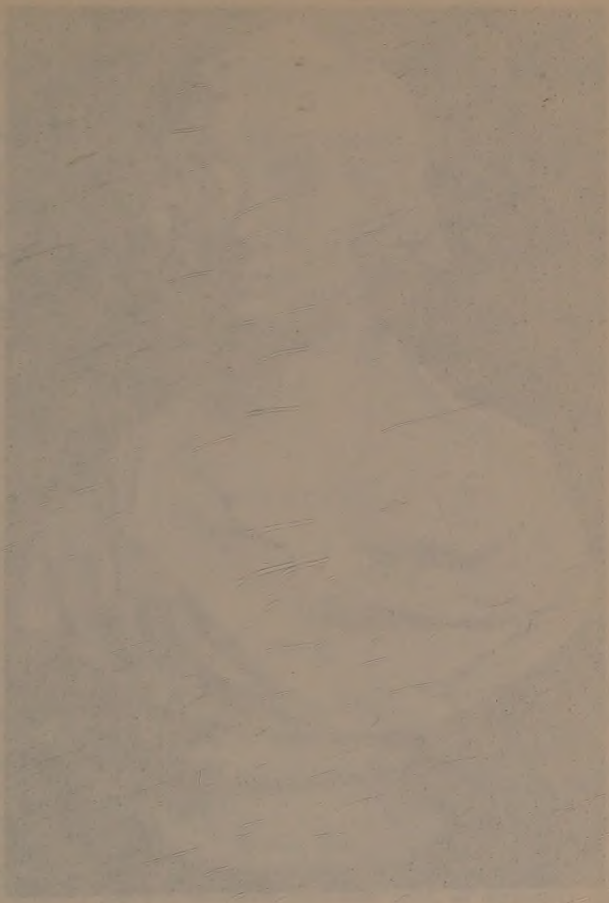
"Snodgrass as a Surname." *Notes and Queries*, May 30th.

"Dickens and the Lamplighter's Ladder." *Notes and Queries*, May 30th.

"Return of the Coal-scuttle Bonnet." Illus. *Daily Mail*, May 21st.

"To Working Men." By Charles Dickens. *The Clarion*, June 5th.

"Master Charles Dickens." Illus. *Morning Leader*, June 4th.



CHARLES DICKENS

From a portrait-bust by H. Dexter, the American sculptor, modelled during the novelist's visit to the United States in 1842